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BQUARE.

#### IT DOESN'T EXPLAIN.

Judge BOOKSTAVER is reported to have explained the appointment of an underling of Sheriff FLACE's as referee in the divorce suit affecting the Sheriff, on the ground that he was "well disposed towards the defendant."

If the Judge said this it will go far in the public mind towards wrecking confidence in his integrity and the methods in vogue in his Court. Are referees appointed by Judge BOOKSTAVER with reference to their relations with litigants? Does he gives his official sanction to recommendations made by biassed officers of the Court?

Such an explanation is, indeed, most unfortunate. It not only does not explain anything, but adds to the complications already existing. There has long been a bad odor arising from the referee business in our courts. Judge Bookstaven's explanation is not by any means a deodorizer.

#### AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

Chicago, when it put forth its impertment claim for the World's Fair, had never seen itself as others see it. Having always flattered itself that it was the greatest place on earth, it took no thought of how other people sized it up. It is now suffering a painfully rude awakening from its dream. While all admit that Chicago is a smart town, yet when a World's Fair is in prospect all eyes are naturally turned to New York.

A consensus of public opinion all over the country names this metropolis as the seat of the Exposition. This is no reflection upon any other place. Chicago need not feel humfliated by the mirrored reflection of itself to which it is now being treated. It will be greatly benefited if it learns thereby the lesson that there is a vast difference between pretense and reality.

### TT IR A PURLIC APPAIR

Some of the friends of Sheriff FLACE, have made haste to assert that the divorce scandal, in which that official figures unpleasantly, will not injure his standing in Tammany Hall.

Well, if that be true, so much the worse for the standing of Tammany Hall,

This extraordinary conspiracy has passed beyond the pale of a private affair. It involves a crime, and all crimes are public affairs. It touches the integrity of the Bench. and casts dark suspicions on the official conduct of a clerk of a court of record.

If Sheriff FLACK has concocted this con spiracy, he, a sworn officer of justice, is guilty of a serious crime. And, if he is guilty, he should either resign the shrievalty at once, of his own motion or be compelled to

If Tammany forgives him, public opinion will not forgive Tammany.

### A SHIP SURGEON'S CRIME!

In the course of the investigation by the Emigration Commissioners yesterday of the complaints against the officers of the steamship England, it was shown that Dr. WARD, the ship surgeon, was not only unfit for his position, but guilty of criminal negligence. An infant who, according to Dr. WARD, was not dangerously sick, died in convulsions, and a call for his services made in the evening was not responded to until the next morning. When he did call it was too

Such conduct was inhuman, and besides losing his place he ought to be subject to are: Mr. D. Annable, 25 cents; Mr. J. Dun punishment. There is a duty devolving upon physicians which no amount of inconvenience can excuse them from performing. THE EVENING WORLD'S STAff of physicians | total amount. 'as not made up of such as WARD.

### BEWARE OF THEM.!

There was an effort made vesterday to revive public confidence in the certificates of grandpa and other members of our family to the Sugar Trust. The manner of doing it help the sick babies, Elsie Lediand. was suggestive of the iniquity of the whole scheme. Knowing that the amount of certificates assued were far in excess of the value of the properties in the Trust and that investors were, as a consequence, afraid of them, it was announced in a shadowy way fering poor children in New York City. that the volume of certificates was to be largely reduced.

Now there is just one safe thing for those who have money to invest to do, and that is to leave these Trust certificates alone. Only the genteel plunderers on the inside know anything about their value. Beware of

### BUCK'S BAT.

richer by a hundred dollars to-day than he we worked as hard as they did. was yesterday morning. He won the ducats by a tremendous hit away over the centrefield tence at the Polo Grounds, and amid thun derous applause made the circuit of the bases. It was a great strike.

By the way, all the Giants played ball yesterday, and administered a sound thrashing to the Quakers. Take the two games to-day and make it three straight. Now is the time for sweet revenge.

# THE SICK INFANTS.

Many Little Lives Saved by the Corps of Free Doctors.

Clothing Almost as Necessary as Medicine.

Nell Nelson and Dr. Hunt Distribute Quantity of Provisions.

### THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Toe Perviso World

THE EVENING WORLD	#1:00F00
Already acknowledged	3,415.02
Fair at the Long Beach Hotel	1,030.00
Doctor,	10.00
Donald Livingstone	1.00
No Name	
S. Galdzier	
H. Schneider	
Donate Warrier	
Hessie Wander. Willie Mozart, Armend Gerard and	(44.00)
Cornelia Mozart	1.25
Young folks entertainment	
Seven little boys	
Mamie Schader	
Elsie Lediard	1,00
F. S. Radge	
Howard S.	
W. Fredericks	
In Memoriam	
E. I. R.	1.00
A Christian	
J. H. N.	8,62
Children's Fair	14,00
J. H. C.	2.00
Nathan Lewis	1.00
Laura E. A. Paige H. and A. Meyerhoff	3,00
H. and A. Meyerhoff	2,00
E-12-12-01-12-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1	2.00
J. G. B	1,00
Mrs. W. L.	
Minnie, Charity and Nell	
S. S. B.	
Old Maid	1.00
E. B. and J. D.	
E.P. Santa	2,00
John O'Brien	2,00
WHAT CAMPORTAL STREET,	
A Juvenile Entertainmen	Ea.

In the Editor of The Evening World For your Baby Fund inclosed please find \$4, the proceeds of an entertainment held by the undersigned. NELLIE ELLIS,

MAMIE ELLIS, BIRDLE HARTMAN. KATIE PAROR. EDDIE ELLIS. HARRY PAROR.

WILLIE ANTONY. Residents of 147 East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street.

### Young Financiers.

To the Editor of The Reening World On July 25 my brother, his friend Armend Gerard and I opened a "store" with a few playthings for the Sick Babies' Fund. We purchased candy with the proceeds of the first sales and sold it at 100 per cent. profit. As our stock ran out we purchased more. We take great pleasure in handing you the result of our efforts, \$1.25, wishing it were more.

WILLIE MOZART. ARMEND GERARD. CORNELIA MOZART.

Little Bessie's Money. In the Editor of The Evening World; Please find inclosed \$2, which I hope may

make some baby a little more comfortable. Besste Wanden, aged six years. Highlands, Ulster County, N. Y.

For Mrs. Daly. To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please forward inclosed \$2 to the Daly

family of 222 Mott street. JOHN O'BRIEN. 107 Douglass street. Brooklyn. More for Mrs. Daly.

To the Editor of The Evening World

Please give this \$2 to Mrs. F. Daly, 220 Mott street. This is all I can give to day, but half a pound of rice. Give him all he can I will send more soon. I would go down to drink," see her but I have no time as I am in the store all day.

Inclosed please find \$14, the proceeds of a children's fair which was held on Thursday morning, Aug. 1, on the piazza of 429 East One Hundred and Nineteenth street.

The willing and cheerful manner in which the children of the neighborhood contributed showed the interest which is being taken in your noble work. Yours respectfully, JENNIE CARTER.

ANNIE CAVANAGII. FLORENCE DES ANGES, MINNIE LYONS. MAGGIE LONDERGAN

Miss Laura E. Paige, niece of Miss Laura Jean Libbey, has collected funds for the helpless babies. Among her many contributors 25: Mr. J. Maddock, 25; Mr. R. Re ves, 25; Messrs, Lober and Hanson, 25; U. S. Paice. 25, and other contributors, amounting to \$3,

From His Family.

To the Edition of The Evening World:
Please find inclosed \$1,60, which I have collected in small amounts from grandma, 663 President street, Brooklyn.

the Inasmuch Ten. of the King's Daughters, to be used for doctoring and feeding the suf-West Troy, N. Y.

Ruised at a "Wild West Show,"

the Editor of The Evening Woold We are seven little boys, under twelve years of age, brothers and cousins of the ' twelve little Shrewsbury girls " who last week raised at a fair and sent you \$150.50 for the Sick Babies' Fund. We inclose \$5, which is the amount taken in at a "Wild West show " given by us the day after the fair. We Buck Ewing, a giant of the Giants, is did not make as much money as the girls, but

> David McClube, jr., OTTO WAGNER.

FRANCIS B. MCANERNEY,

Red Bank, Aug. 1. To the Editor of The Evening World !

Inclosed please find \$10 for your Sick Baby Fund. It represents a one dollar subscrip-

tion taken at our dinner table. The subscribers are Mrs. K., Mrs. P., Miss M. Y., Miss O., J. A. K., E. O., J. I. M., S. D. DOCTOR. L. O., and yours truly,

WITH A BASKETFUL OF VICTUALS.

Nell Nelson and Dr. Hunt Make Many

He did a splendid day's work!

Willett streets, in a little willow shop, where we buy a small chip basket for 12 cents and get the address of several very sick children.

ber nipples, to be substituted for the deadly nursing tubes, and the hang of his gay little short coat is disfigured by the sponges, soap and printed tickets and slips, which budge out on every side. The idea strikes him to utilize the clean, covered hamper just as we near a butcher shop, but by the time the hind legs of a lamb's mother have been reduced to two-inch chops and ten parcels of rice introduced there isn't room enough left for an excu sion ticket, and it is with an ef-

With the material for twenty mutton broths we sail down Willett street.

out : " Hello, doctor! He's got into spasms again.

'You don't tell me!"

"He" is taking an airing in a doll-carriage slip of a girl with soft, brown eyes that have looked on the miseries of life half a dozen years. Her outfit consists of a petticoat, a check apron and a hair string, but the mother does not live who loves her baby better than this tiny nurse does her seven-mouth brother, the house and up to the top flat by the kindhearted doctor. The mother is finishing her washing, which has been delayed by the

"Good morning, doctor, I didn't expect you to-day. Now, please don't ask me to go to the excursion, for I must get this work done or there will be no Sunday dinner. I couldn't get the clothes dry for the rain. I put them out five times and had to rinse them over again each time they came in. It's dull now. Everybody is out of town but the poor. I wish I could have one room in some of the big houses that are shut up. It isn't any trouble for the rich to keep well."

"Little enough I earn, and I don't always get it either. One woman owes me \$4 and another \$2.25 that I never expect to get They are away now, but before they went I spent nearly a dollar in car fare, but then

The doctor takes a whack at woman's inhumanity to woman, takes a good look at the sick child, prescribes a new diet and urges the mother to get him on the water as often and as soon as possible.

near Houston street is a poor, heart-broken widow with six small children and a consumptive son, who carns \$2.50 driving a peddler's wagon. We find her in the midst of a big wash, the perspiration rolling down her face and the little room clouded with steam Her work brings her in \$1.65 a week, "and there's no use trying to live. I am thinking of putting the children in some home where they will be fed and clothed."

'The eldest boy is sick, very sick. He's a good child, too, only fourteen, and if I could

asserts itself, but the doctor says: "Only a ouple, Mrs. G., for the baby, and here

That soothes her and we leave her smiling baluister.

You should see the doctor bathe a baby in

The mother is in bed ill, the husband is habit of spoiling before customers can be found. There are two young children playing on the floor, and the wee thing that he takes on his knee is scarcely larger than the

ered little thing, easily broken and hard to handle, but the doctor takes him across the knees of his nice twill trousers, lathers him with white soap and warm water, dries him against the grain to quicken the almost imperceptible circulation, sounds his lungs, in the soft little head, gets a powder from his the cold purple soles warm and rosy, winds a strip of flannel about the small, empty stom-

She is told to hurry and get well, directions are given for applying a healing salve to the child's sore head and body, and the woman next door agrees for a nickel to prepare a

that most pathetic of faces which expresses neither resignation, patience nor abstraction, and all three in one, sits in the adjoining room and withholds a welcome. In a chair that she rocked with her foot lay a babe attenuated to the very verge of emaciation. with a color as white as lime, and as she swayed the little one her fingers were busy sewing together rags for a hit-or-miss carpet.

" Is your baby sick?"

" Yes; very." The doctor hesitates. She goes on with her sewing, and I try the blandishments of a mutton chop. She says, without even a glance towards me, "Take your chops and yourselves away if you want to please me."

but forget all about the repulse on the lower door, where a woman of seventy is left in charge of a poor babe dying of cholera morbus. The little thing lies in the middle of a feather bed, its half-open eyes glazed with death and the thin lips panting for breath. I have a fau, a thin lips panting for breath. I have a fau, a shed, and second to do me good, and I have felt mixelf pretty thing, with Watteau figures painted growing stranger every day." M. A. Stranman, 19 grand avenue, Grand Napide, Mich. I do, and show the old, white-haired grandmother how to use it.

us. "She sorts rags, get \$2.50 a week, and "Would you like a chop to make a little

broth for the child and yourself?" "Would I? May the Lord and his angels bless you for I haven't had a hot mouthful of ment for a month,"

Nothing in therapeutics will help the gasp. ing little one; "keep the flies off, granny, wash him in some warm water when you make a fire and try and get your daughter to stay home this afternoon and take him on the water," the doctor says, and adds for my ears alone it's only a question of another twenty-

in a small kitchen we come upon a group of Hungarian women rolling eigars and singing like larks in a greenwood tree. The win dows are closed to keep the wrappers moist the atmosphere is thick with flying molecule from the coarse weed, and the air is poisoned from the exhalations of so many persons. There are five babies, one brown as the cigars, their mothers are roiling, lying about on the floor. Their heels and fists in the air, all of them partially naked, all clean and all well but two. A general ha! ha! is voiced when the doctor offers an excursion ticket. Nobody will take it.

"But the air of this room, the impurities you are breathing will sicken you and kill

your children." "We'll take our chances, doctor, while there is bread enough to be had, and as for roller says. "I was born in a tobacco box and I am not dead, and this kid will have to She opens a brown paper and takes out a piece of "chuck" and black bread, and if some of the over-fed epicureans, whose digestion rups to bile, could have seen the relish with which this slaving young mother relished them, her appetite would be thir envy. Collectively they are an industrious, admirable lot, but anothetic on the subject of drugs, and the doctor's prescription for a croupy child is brandished about with as little respect as the yellow poster of a dime

'Any sick children here?" we ask at a door in 1195 Willett. "No children, but a childish old woman

If you come from The Evening World you will help me, won't you?" "We will, certainly. What can we do for von 221

"Give me something to eat." "What?"

museum.

" Anything; enough of anything."

The poor creature is past sixty-six, whitehaired, withered-faced, and helplessly palsied. Her hand trembles so that she can with difficulty take the bit of silver we offer, and we leave her praying in grateful acknowledgment.

The doctor treats a sick baby in a back yard, three in the door-step of one house, two on the curbstone, and one in the drip and splash and soap bubbles of a poor widow's washtub.

The last of the mutton chops is given to a oung woman who supports her mother and child sewing carpet rags that pay two cents pound and not the family 60 cents a day.

Leaving the dilapidated row that stands eack from the pavement in Willett street, we meet a woman and sick boy, the latter upset by an excessive indulgence in prematurely harvested apples. The mother has been struck in the face by a blind man, and her nose so badly injured that the doctors had to remove it to prevent blood poisoning from

mortification. You are not at dinner I see," "No, I don't have any dinner, only break-

fast."

" Why one meal !"

" Because I can't get any more." . Would 50 cents make any sort of a meal

or you and the sick boy?' 'It would make a heavenly meal, thank ou. God bless you, good-by and good luck

to you. Now, where would one get more for so o small an investment? The doctor has a letter; here it is, ad-

lressed to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD: I am a poor, sick girl, and I cannot afford to have medical aid. I am a reader of your paper and I have seen how you send doctors to visit the sick poor tree of charge. I thought perhaps you might send me a doctor if I asked you. I think if I only could receive proper treatment would soon be able to go to work.

The basket is as empty as a dream, and the doctor's cuffs are bloody and his fingers sticky from handing out chops, but we fill it up again with a big tenderloin steak, a jar of blackberry jam, a dozen lemons, some fresh rolls and a few sweet cakes and start lown Lewis street to hunt for the writer.

She lives on the top floor and she "likes it best of all," she tells us, " for the sparrows hop about the window and the raindrops that patter on the roof are as nice as fairy

Mary is a crippte; her back is deformed. For a long time she was in the employ of Ridley's, kept stock there and received #3.50 She has been home for more than a a week. She has been nome for more than a year, suffering from asthma, and it is very doubtful if she can ever resume work. Dr. Hunt has been more than kind to ber, and never goes up to the little room without a pocket full of something, and his pockets.

while cut after the latest mode, their capacity is a wonder.

When he asked Mary what she would like best from his pocket she said; "A lemon, please; I am always thirsty, and the water gets so warm that I can't drink it." "The mother and her helpless daughter are dependent on a boy of seventeen, a noble fel low, who denies himself every comfort and foregoes many of the necessaries of life that his sister may have nourishing things to eat

NELL NELSON. and drink. The Death Rate. The total number of deaths during the past twenty-four hours have been 128. Of these, 53

were children under five years. The causes are as:follows: contait.

## Why Don't

You take Hood's Sarraparilla, if you have impure blood, have lost your appetite, have that tired feeling or are troubled by sick headache, dyspepsia or billousness. It has accomplished woulders for thousands of afflicted people, and, if given a fair trial, is reasonably certain to

17 I have been troubled a great deal with headache, had o appetite, in strength, and felt as mean as any one could, and be about my work. Since taking Hood's Sar saparitia I have not had the headache, my

Hood's Sarsaparilin do, and show the old, white-haired grands pother how to use it.

"The mother is my daughter," she tells by C. I. FOOD & CO., Arothecaries, Levell, Mass.

100 DUSES ONE DOLLAR.

### Her Idea of the Peculiar Humor of New York Society.

Extraordinary Mathematical Complications at the Box-Office.

Feminine Fancies, Follies and Vagaries Revealed in the Silly Season.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EVENING WORLD. NEW YORK, Aug. 3,-The action of Mrs. Chamberlain, daughter of ex-Secretary of War Indicott, in administering a rebuke to a party of English people of rank who indulged in con versation before her which was not entirely pincident with her ideas of propriety, ha caused considerable discussion here, and the question has arisen whether Mrs. Chamberlain is not representative of a somewhat more discreet type of American girlhood than is found in New York. She is from Salem, Mass., and was reared in an atmosphere bearing no resemblance to what is found in a capital such as London. We can admire her pure conception of propriety, for it is indeed a beautiful thing the babies, well, you don't know what you to find a girl delicate enough to persist in the are talking about. Look at me!" the first utmost respect to herself and her sex, but at the same time we are forced to concede that her experience in England might have occurred in the die if slie can't go through what I have." high circles here. There is, unfortunately, a laxity in the intercourse of presumably refined people in many admirable circles of New York which would certainly surprise a wellbred girl from Salem. This assertion can with perfect justice, for be made is true. In the desire to be entertaining and witty a Parisian degree of freedom is indulged in, and many are the risque bits of reparted that are shot across the handsome tables at the nouses of our excellent families. There is seldom any malice in the naughty witticisms that are bandied to and fro-the effort being to be delicate, sharp, incisive, and never vulgar. Nevertheless the suggestion of it all is boundless, and a very sensitive girl who was well enough informed to understand the hidden neanings at all would be frightfully shocked. The custom has increased lately. The men are the ones to start the dangerous ball of wit; there will be some very clever and reckless women who will encourage them, and the really innocent girls simply laugh as though they didn't know what it all meant. Therefore we are hardly able to take this experience of Mrs. Chamberlain as proof of American society's superior cleanness of mind, as compared with that f England. The fact is a most reprehensible me that such conduct could be met with in any espectable parlor which could shock a young parried woman, but our society is not more free from the imputation than London society s. We do not hear of the embarrassment un dergone so frequently by New York girls, for it s very rare that one of them has the pluck and

personal independence of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain. A DAZZLING COSTUME. The brightest things in the generally dull own are the costumes of women who come in for a day from the near-by Summer resorts. One average example was a success, if her object was to attract general attention and give people an electric shock that hot day. Such a dazzling array, or such a combination of colors. is not often seen, especially in the city streets, Her dress was a sateen, the ground navy blue, overed with sprigs of light brown and white. and the collar and loose "angel sleeves" were the most vivid grass green. That statement is not to be modified in the least. It was not pistache, it was not absinthe or celaden, or anything but the brightest, most uncompromising of greens. Her hair was blonde to a vivid velow, her gloves were gray, her hat black straw and trimmed with bright searlet poppies. When my dazzled eyes first rested on her she was buy- a small matter, my dear, but I paid 50 cents ing eeru surah silk. Could it be to embellish the costume she had on? Was her love for color not yet sufficiently gratified, and was that eern to be added in the form of a vest? The fates in chorus. forbid! Should she thus further embellish herself it would be necessary to view her effulgence

through the softening medium of a smoked A NEW PANGLED ELEVATOR. It is not good August policy to overlook anything with diversion in it. I found a bit this morning. It was one of those terrifying elevators that drop down like a plummet instead of moving slowly in the good old-fashioned way. It was full of people, both sexes, all ages, all sorts and conditions of men and women. With most of them 'twas their first experience of that kind, and they suffered about as much as it 'twas a first toboggan shde. When the elevator stopped after that indescribably short trip there came the sound of a simultaneous gasp, a catching of the breath, and then one of the passengers, a grave-faced matron, turned to the elevator boy, and said: "Now, will you kindly go

back for the roof of mouth ?" A TICKET OFFICE EFISODE. Even that old-time source of amusement, theatre ticket window with women at it, is not o be despised. Four ladies enter the lobby of a Broadway house. The youngest approaches th window and asks in a bussiness like tone, which is palpably assumed. "How much are the

'I can let you have"-the seller pauses, and looks over the rows of tickets as if going to make this a special matter-"I can let you have ery choice seats in the orchestra circle for one dollar and fifty cents.

"Apiece. "Yes, miss." Hasty consultation of the four ladies, in the midst of which the severe one starts for the door, saying: "I won't do it." The spokesgirl nastily addresses herself to the seller and the

severe lady comes back. 'We don't want to pay so much as that, you The tone isn't business-like any more: it's confidential and plaintive. The ticket-seller smile indulgently, and again scans the rows beside he can do for them, which is rather calculated.

he thinks, to make them settle on the first scats he suggested. ' How about the gallery?" blurts out the lady of the party who wears glasses. The seller looks mild disapproval, as if, as a personal matter, he wouldn't like to see them de

it, and a quiet member of the party objects, "I never was in the gallery. "Nor L' says the severe one, as if she didn': mean to begin now, either. The spokeswoman looks discouraged. The seller, to brace them up, remarks in a scothing

tone, while he still fingers the orchestra-circle

row. "This theatre is quite different." "Oh, yes; I-I know this is a nice place. We have never been here," the spokeswoman replies, plucking up her business voice. She loesn't mean to put what she said just that way, of course; but people who pretend business will "Fifty cents," returns the seller with gentle

Another consultation, then the severe on asks: "Apiece?"
"Yes, madam." More consultation, then, to bring the matter to a head, the seller inquires, How many did you say?"

The severe lady comes to the front, and evenue

the seller in a way to make him feel he can't de-ceive her asks: "Do ladies go in the gallery?" 'Oh, dear, yes-the best," says the seller, with just a delicate suggestion of an assurance that he wouldn't demean himself by selling

the tickets otherwise, and begins to sort out the four tickets. "I will take mine," she adds, presenting

The seller holds the tickets suspended, and remarks suggestively: "It will be two dollars, please.

Yes; I know, but I just want mine. "Oh, you don't want four?" -this from the seller with slight severity.

"No; just mine."

He looks pained, replaces three tickets, changes the dollar, and delivers one seat all in dignified, not to say injured, silence. The lady with glasses now takes possession of the window, "Are the seats all togather?" she

The lady only took one seat," the seller replies, still in that pained way.
"Of course," impatiently; "that's all sho wanted; but will the seats be together ?"

BUYING THEIR OWN SEATS. He does not catch the idea, and he confesse . The original spokeswoman pushes her head n under the other's chin and explains cheerily: We're each going to buy her own seat."

"Oh, "returns he, brightening, "And are they together?" reiterates the eyeclass member of the party, as if she can wait, of course, but means just the same to have her

"Yes indeed, madam, all together, Shall I take the rest of the tickets from this?" he adds, fingering the ten-dollar bill that she pays in. "No-just mine." The spokeswoman again pushes her head in

under the other's chin, saving: "You see we get so mixed up in our accounts at night if we all pay altogether at once for anything, so we just made up our minds to each pay separately

"Oh, very well! Then I am to make change each time?" he inquires in a don't-mind-me

"Tve just got 45 cents in silver," says the nict one hastily. " Ask him to take five cents extra for your ticket, Hannah, I'll pay you tonight so as to even up." The seller is beginning to show signs of paresis and Miss Glasses brings him to himself by

speaking in a cold, passionless voice and making panses between words: "Please take 55 cents for my ticket." "No," cries the quiet one, "let him take fifty, and then you give him five afterwards, because

ve are sure to get mixed up." The seller with trembling fingers makes hance for ten dollars reserving a silver half for the seat. " Please take this small stuff instead," objects

Miss Glasses, pushing back a pile of coppers and dimes. "Thate to carry it." Fif y cents is counted out from the lot, the rest including the silver half being returned. 'Now give him five cents for me," reminds the quiet one

"Oh, yes! Here's five cents on the other lady's ticket. She's only got forty-five cents in change, you know." A MATHEMATICAL MAZE. The seller's eyes look wild and he seems to be

in a chill. The severe one steps up now, say ing shortly: "It's all nonsense each buying her own. Give me two tickets, please." She tenders s dollar bill, explaining over her shoulder to the quiet one. "I am getting yours. You can pay me when we get home."

The ticket-seller, in a state of partial collapse

can't seem to think what to do with the extra five-cent piece. For lack of a better idea, he puts it in his mouth while he attends to the dollar bill, "T-t-two seats, madam?" he asks, stuttering on account of the coin in his mouth and also because he feels his native language dipping from him.

mined way,

and the ladies start. At the door a discussion arises. The quiet one has insisted upon squar ing at once with the severe one. She is sure she will get mixed if she doesn't. The severe one

The two tickets are passed through the window

"Two," returns the severe one in a deter-

that five cents back," says the severe lady, me, hecause I gave it to him."

time and didn't like it either.

our ticket will cost you seventy-five cents the irst thing you know. Well. I certainly gave him five cents extra. says the one with glasses. "and I'm going to have it back. I don't know which one of us it selongs to, but he shan't have it."

"Well, he shan't have mine, either," adds the severe one. THE PRINCIPLE OF IT. The two stride to the window. All this time the ticket seller had been sucking away at the nickel and wondering what is going to happen o him, when Miss Glasses blurts out : trouble you for that five-cent piece I gave you. He gives a horrified gulp, struggles a moment

with his collar, and then says faintly : "I-I

will give you another one, madam." He goes on struggling with his collar, but manages to get a nickel out of the drawer and deliver it. "You will please pay me back the five cents

you owe me, too!" snorts the severe one, ' My dear madam-1"-"Yes you did! I gave you five cents and you had already had the five cents. The lady only had 45 cents, and both the other lady and I gave con five cents to make up for it, and I maist or having it back. It isn't the amount I care about; it's the principle of it, and I "-

The ticket-seller hasn't an idea on the subject

of any five-cent piece except the one that is now turning a corner around his larvax. Into his fevered brain sweeps a suspicion that he has beome one of those "drop-a-nickel-in-the-rlot machines, and since a nickel has been dropped n the slot he feels that, of course, he ought to show up with something; probably another nickel since the lady says so. He gropes blindly in the drawer, makes a mistake or two, and finally delivers the right coin. Then, when they have all gone, he sits with his head in his hands and his finger down his throat wondering how his accounts stand. Is he five cents out or 10 ents out? He's is dead sure he's five cents in ccause he can feel that nickel making impressions of the American shield on one side of hi esophagus and of a Roman V on the other al he way down. But he doesn't know yet whether he owes his employer five cents or a dime

### Copyright, 1880. CLARA BELLE. TO FISH STORY CONTESTANTS.

Competitors in the Fish Story Contest who signed their contributions "Georgian," as, T.," "Punta Russa," "Izank" and "T. V.," will please send their full names and addresses to the editor of "The Even tug Warld."

# PROVEN.

Mme. A. Ruppert, the leading Complexion Specialist.

HER WONDERFUL FACE BLEACH TEST. ED AS A THOROUGH SKIN TONIC UNDER THE OBSERVATION OF

THOUSANDS.

No other preparation for the skin known has been given the prominence or has had its merits so honestly proven as has Mme. A. Ruppert's world-renowned Face Bleach during the last five weeks. Thousands have watched with deep interest the action and effect of Face Bleach on the faces of two ladies whom this most enterprising specialist has had on exhibition at her office. The face of one was cleared permanently of deep black freckles of twenty-two years' standing. The other was cured of most horrible black-heads, pimples and ecas ms. The test was all the more convincing from the fact that but one side of the ladies' face was cleared at a time, and many were fortunate enough to call when on

side of the face was clear and the other side as it origi-ally was, which is certainly proof beyond all doubt. The action of Face Bleach on the skin is such that it cannot fall in any case. Its effect on the face is the same as our wearing apparel by friction on the rest of the body, thus gently removing the dead cuticle which covers the pores, cleaning the latter of all poisonous fillings, drawing out from beneath the skin any discolpration or impurity that has been accumulating there for years. In this way it positively removes from the skin permanently all roughness, freckles, moth, blotches, black-heads, pimples, excessive redness, salowness, and, in fact, all blemishes the skin is heir to.

moves and prevents tan or sunburn. Face Bleach is a cure, and once cured is permanent, and is unlike all other preparations, as it does not re-quire the continued use and does not show on the face after application;

It is not only guaranteed not harmful, but positively eneficial to even the most delicate complexion. The only article indersed universally by all who have used or only article interest in the content of the content

#### HER BOY'S LETTER.

#### A Mother Comes to "The Evening World" for Some Advice.

A mother came to THE EVENING WORLD office a day or two ago about her boy. He was her best son, her first born, she said. It was the night after the great Blizzard that it happened. He had gone out and when she heard of him again he was under arrest for

burglary. "He was such a good boy," she said. "On that awful night he met some other lads and they drank, and under the influence of the liquor one of them broke a saloon window and robbed a till. The money was divided among them, and then a policeman came and

arrested my boy with the others.

"He was sout to the Elmira Reformatory,
He was good there and writes me he can get
out if I can find him a place. I didn't know
how to do this, so I came to The Evening

World. '' Won't you print his letter?"

The letter is as follows: The letter is as follows:

Dear Morner: At the meeting of the Board of Managers on Thursday my pavole was authorized to take effect as soon as I can find a position. Now, mother, I have fulfilled my part of the contract, and you must do your part of it-viz., that of getting me the place to work. I have been thinking of the place that you waid papa would let me have at the factory, and if he thinks I could do the work I would like to have it, but you know I have never had any experience in that line, and if I should take it and then not be able to do the work it would not be very pleasant.

And then, again, how about the salary? The Superintendent knows my ability as a pressman, and if I did not get a fair salary he night object to it. But I will leave it all to you and father. If I can do the work and the pay is enough to suit the Superintendent, I would rather have the place than to work at my trade.

Now, on the other hand, in case I cannot have the place. I will tell you just what I can do in my trade and then you will know what sort of a place to look for. I am capable of taking charge of from three to five "Gordon" presses and of doing all the work that comes under a pressman's duty, that of cutting all paper for jobs, &c. I have had a little experience on cylinder presses and could do work on them in a small office, but could not do any high-class work.

very pleasant.
And then, again, how about the salary? The

small matter, my dear, but I paid 50 cents if the seat."

"Why! the man has it," shouts the quiet one.
"Oh, the wretch! Of course be has," comes i chorus.

"And he took the full amount. I'll just have hat five cents back," says the severe lady.
"Well!" objects Miss Glasses, "he owes it to be, hecause I gave it to him."

"Then I'm out five cents," says the severe inc. as if she were being stuck that way all the me and didn't like it either.

"I'll tell you how it is," explains the quiet one, "I owe Hannah five cents, and the ticket eiler owes you five cents.

"That leaves him five cents, and the ticket eiler owes you five cents, and the ticket eiler owes you five cents."

"That leaves him five cents, and the ticket when you have arrang

Don't Forget the Next Instalment of

### Wilkie Collins's "Blind Love," Now Run-ning in the SUNDAY WORLD.

Don't Let Up on the Trust. to the Editor of The Evening World: I am a reader of your most valuable paper that is so well known throughout this broad land of ours. I see THE EVENING WORLD has attacked the sugar monopolists. Their scheme is atrocious robbery of the poor people. The Sugar Trust speculators are never satisfied with their millions. I am a poor man myself with a small family, strugging very hard to keep and teed ourselves in a humble home. But the monopolists are seeking to claim and clutch the poor man's sugar bowel. Is there no limit to the patience of the poor class of people? Don't let up on the Sugar Trust until it is entirely broken up. Yours

# to see it get broken. E. Godfrer, 521 West Forty-third street.

To the Editor of The Evening World I noticed in THE EVENING WORLD an article, headed the "Popular Banjos-Points Given by a Beancater, of Boston," wherein he says stage copie don't play on costly instruments. I beg people don't play on costly instruments. I beg to differ with him, as banioists of recognized ability all have costly instruments, such as E. M. Hall, J. H. Hunrly, Sam Devere, Billy Carroll, John Began, John Mack and many others too numerous to mention. I am only an ordinary banjoist, but I use a \$50 instrument—not a fine looker by any means, but it has a tone that would give that Beaneater a twister if he should ever have the pleasure of listening to it. I mention these facts that the public may not be led astray by that over-zealous music dealer of Boston, that has not got a professional banjo in his house, and wouldn't know the facts.

J ALLEN, 502 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. One Way of Putting It. [From Judge.]

"Well, all I can say is that if the boss doesn't take lack what he said to me this norning I shall vamose the ranch." "And what was that?"
"Why, he said that hereafter he should try

Of Little Consequence. "I'll sue you for \$20,000, you scoundrel!" cried old brown. ''You've drawn the wrong

and dispense with my valuable services.

"Don't grow so excited about a little thing of that kind," returned the dentist. "It will cost you only \$5 to have it put back."

Social Evels in France for the SUNDAY

donell's Tretuine Coupiel relieves diseases

tooth."

Belva Lockwood Writes of the Glaring

Miss H. A. MEYERHOFF, 717 Broadway, Another Children's Fair. To the Editor of The Evening World

From Laura Jean Libbey's Niece.

Sent from West Troy. to the Editor of The Erening World You will find inclosed \$8.62, sent you by

> JOHN WAGNER, FRANK JAMES, ARTHUR J. McCLURE, JOSEPH MCANEENEY.

only for that we'd starve to death.'

Visits to the Poor.

Dr. Hunt I mean. We met at the corner of Houston and The doctor has his vest pockets full of rub-

fort that he buttons down the cover.

At the first alleyway a piping voice calls

"Yes; been awful bad. My mudder says he ain't long for this world," so you can gauge his size, and the driver is a Little Jack is taken in arms and carried into

they were always out."

In the garret rear flat of a frame building

only get him in the country for a few weeks I know he would be all right again." The doctor says he will see what can be done, then looks at the inflammation that mars and disfigures the face of the four youngest children and we present a pair of mutton chops. At first the mother's pride

and calling, "thank you" over the infirm the next house to know how gentle a seemingly hard-hearted man can be. away peddling lobsters, which have an ugly

nursing bottle we spend half an hour clean-It is a new citizen, a squirmy, pink, pucklistens to the heart-beats and rub-a-dub-dub cavernous pocket to dry out his creases, rubs

ach and hands him over to the mother, who has been blessing him the while with her eloquent, supplicating eyes.

bowl of rice some for the feeble woman. A woman with her hopes in the past, and

" No." " It's very pale."

We obey, both hurt and filled with pity,